The Campbell Visitor.

VOL. VIII. NO. 49. CAMPBELL, SANTA CLARA CO, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1903. $1.00 PER YEAR.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY — SUNSET OGDEN ROUTE

R. R. Time Card

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To San Francisco Daily,	Ex. Sun. 6.45 a. m.	N. G.
" " "	Ex. Sun. 7.15 "	B. G.
" San Jose only, Daily	7.30 "	N. G.
" S. F., Daily	8.36 "	"
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The Campbell Visitor

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

FULTON PHILLIPS, DELMONT PHILLIPS } Proprietors, HURLBERT & KENNEDY, Publishers.

$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. $1.00

Entered at the Post-Office at Campbell as second-class mail matter

Marring Yosemite.

President Roosevelt visited the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River and in an address to the people of Arizona in reference to the natural wonder, said:

"I want to ask you to do one thing in connection with it. In your interest and in the interest of the country keep this great wonder as it now is. I hope you won't have a building of any kind to mar the wonder and sublimity of the conyon. You cannot improve on it The ages have been at work on it and man can only mar it Keep it for your children and your children's children and all who may come after you as one of the great sights for the American to see."

The appeal of President Roosevelt to the people of Arizona to preserve the great wonder unmarred by human devices is very timely and serves to bring out more clearly the silliness and absurdity of the arrangements for showing off the Yosemite. The *Bulletin* last evening contained the following:

"President Roosevelt will be treated to a rare scene of beauty when he visits the Yosemite. He will see the famous valley at night illuminated by a powerful searchlight from one of the United States battleships now at Mare Island. J C Wilson has secured permission to transport to the Yosemite the largest navy searchlight available and the light will be removed from Mare Island in a few days."

Yes, it will indeed be a rare scene of beauty to see and witness the puny efforts of a crazy commission even with the appliances of a battleship, trying to improve on the handiwork of God. As though the "work of ages," as Roosevelt puts it with the peerless alchemy of nature's elements and the patient chiseling of Divine architect for thousands of years, could be adorned, illumined or beautified by the artifices of human weaklings.

California should have a more exalted reverence for the wondrous architecture of the Sierras, a better appreciation of the natural tastes of President Roosevelt and a deeper sense of self respect than to mar the grand but exquite canyon of the Yosemite. To try and illuminate the Yosemite valley with anything less than celestial light from an orb like the sun or a mirror planet like the moon, is as futile and almost as rediculous as would be an effort to plug the wrath of Pelee with a cork from the bark of the Spanish oak.

Let nature display her own charms.—*Stockton Independent.*

Fruit Association is Given Judgement.

In an opinion rendered yestereay by Judge J. M. Sewell of San Francisco, the right of the California Cured Fruit Association to divide the proceeds of fruit sales according to the method heretofore employed is sustained. The court incidentally renders judgement for the plaintiff in the suit of the California Cured Fruit Association against A. E. Burnham, William Floyd, Lewis & Stranger, C. P. Bailey, W. M. Herrold and G. Shoof, members who took exception to the manner in which association money was divided. They contended that the return should be made upon an equal basis for each of the districts in the State. The Healdsburg growers asked that another method be employed in distributing some thing like $70,000 then on hand, and threatened litigation, which, in fact, followed. The association, through its attorney, instituted the suit to vindicate the basis of distribution, and to restrain the defendants from interfering with the process.

Judge Sewell in his opinion, states that the association has the right to decide that the Santa Clara prunes were slightly superior in quality to the Sonoma prunes, and that they actually commanded, in 1900, a better market price. The establishment of the districts and differentials is held not to be a violation of the growers' contract, and that the loss by shrinkage should be borne by all without reference to the district in which the prunes were produced. The court is of the opinion that the method of distributing the proceeds of the sales adopted by the association is correct. The conclusions are as follows:

"That the association has power under its contract to create the three districts mentioned in the complaint, to grade prunes according to the district in which they were produced and to establish differentials in prices for the several districts.

"In distributing proceeds of sales of prunes, the members in each district should be paid out of the moneys received from the sales of prunes from each district."—*Mercury.*

Athletic Contest.

Last Saturday afternoon the Campbell Union High athletes made a record for themselves at the Annual Field Day events at Agricultural Park. The following extract is from the *Mercury's* account of the day's sport will show how well our boys behaved themselves, especially when it is considered that we have but a few boys to pick from on account of its being a comparatively new and of necessity small school.

"Santa Clara won the Pacific Acedemic League field and track meet yesterday at Agricultural park Out of a total of 139 possible points, 68 points went to the winner, 38 to the San Jose High School, 26 to Campbell High and 7 to the University of the Pacific Academy.

"Six Pacific Academic League records went glimmering, some of them coming as surprises. Two of the new records were set by athletes from the Campbell High School. Betts broke the record of 10 3-5 seconds for the 100 yard dash made by Tiffin, University of the pacific Academy, in 1901, by running the distance in 10 2-5 seconds Leonard, of the Campbell High broke the record for the hammer throw, made by Hyde of the University of the pacific Academy in 1901, raising the mark from 124 feet 11 inches to to 141 feet 3 inches There were several very exciting finishes, especially in the two-mile between Hunter of Santa Clara and Cragin of Campbell. Hunter beat his opponent by a few feet. Betts of Campbell was the surprise of the day. No one thought he would do so well. He is one of the strongest men ever entered in a pacific Academic League event. Little Miane of the San Jose High won the 50 yard by a few feet from McKenzie of Campbell. Leonard of Campbell in the hammer throw, also came in as an unknown quantity."

In addition to the ones mentioned above the following should be mentioned: Cragin got second place in the mile run; Joy got second in the two mile run; Betts third in the broad jump; Cragin third in the high jump.

Fruit Growers' Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Campbell Fruit Growers' Union was held Wednesday, beginning at 10 o'clock President J. H. Rucker presiding.

Secretary Rodeck read the annual report of the directors, showing the business of the Union to have been ably conducted during the past year. Following is the report:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—

Your directors beg leave to report as follows:

There have been handled in drying 7,723,990 lbs. of fruit, consisting of:

Prunes	4,535,316 lbs
Peaches	201,264 "
Silver Prunes	12,863 "
Apricots	2,880,101 "
Pears	94,446 "

There was sold of dried fruit 3,269,371 lbs, amounting to $114,697.22, in the following order:

Prunes	2,601,096 lbs
Apricots	589,264 "
Peaches	44,701 "
Pears	25,500 "
Silver Prunes	5,610 "
Peeled Peaches	350 "
Cherries	2,850 "

There was expended as improvement to plant as follows:

Picking Boxes	$140.00
Tray Material	290.00
Shakes	171.00
Apricot Crusher	40.00
7½ H. P. Elec. Motor in warehouse	500 00
1 H. P. Elec. Motor for processing	150.00
Change in processing	279.00
Prune Dipper	275 90
Shed for Dippers	385 50
5 Tunnel Evaporator	1,400.00
New Cars	172 80
Total	$3,803 30

The following table shows the amount of fruit handled to dry each year since our organization, covering a period of 11 years:

1892	796,730 lbs
1893	7,171,529 "
1894	6,536,000 "
1895	5,948,000 "
1896	3,158,000 "
1897	6,511,308 "
1898	2,712,000 "
1899	4,813,017 "
1900	6,006,918 "
1901	2,602,152 "
1902	7,723,990 "
Total	53,979,644 lbs

You will see that the past season more fruit was handled than any year since our organization.

All of which is most respectfully submitted,

Board of Directors, Campbell Fruit Growers' Union.

S. G RODECK, Secretary.

Many points of interest were brought out by the members present, and while many of the members differ as to the best methods of conducting the business of so large an institution, yet all must agree that the Union has been of great value to the growers of this locality in many ways

At 12 o'clock the meeting took a recess for an hour to enjoy a dinner at the Sutter restaurant, as is the custom at these annual meetings.

A number of invited guests enjoyed this part of the program very much.

At the afternoon meeting the Board of Directors were instructed to move two sulphur houses to a more safe place. On account of their nearness to the main buildings it was decided best to remove them for better fire protection. Electric lights were also recommended to be used this year.

The following directors were elected for the coming year:

P. W. Keith, J. H. Rucker, R. K. Thomas J. J. Cornell, and S. R. Wade. A vote of thanks was tendered S. G. Rodeck for his faithful services during the past 11 years, he not desiring to be elected to the board this year.

After the election of officers Mr. R. A. Sprague was requested to address the meeting upon the subject of corporation and briefly outlined the Exchange method based upon local associations centralized for buying and selling.

After a general discussion the Association unanimously adopted a resolution approving of the plan and requesting their Directors to take the matter up and promote the corporation of organizations now existing and the formation of such others as can be organized to operate upon these lines and take such other action as their judgement may approve,

Mr. C. D. Harvey, the organizer, for the Grange, was present and expressed a willingness to cooperate with the Directors in promoting this work.

The thanks of the Association were voted to Mr. Sprague and Mr. Harvey for their presentation of this matter and the Union after passing a resolution of thanks to the retiring Board of Directors for their faithful and efficient service then adjourned.

The Best Route East

or the one that suits you best can be determined only by having choice of all. For full information about tickets over shortest, quickest and most pleasant roads to any eastern city call on C. Berry, agent, or write Division Freight & Passenger Agent, Southern Pacific, 16 South First St., San Jose, California.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank our friends and neighbors for all their kindness and sympathy through the sickness and death of our dear brother, Albert Whaley.

V. A. Whaley
S. C. Whaley.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA,

In and for the county of Santa Clara.

The petition of Lulu Limberg Benjamin respectfully shows:—

That she is a female over the age of eighteen years and a resident of the County of Santa Clara, State of California; that she was born at Mt. Auburn, Benton County, Iowa; that she proposes to change her name from Lulu L. Benjamin to Lulu Limberg; that the reason for the said proposed change of name is that she has been married and is now divorced and that her maiden name was Lulu Limberg and that she is generally so known and called by her relatives and friends; that her father, Albert Limberg, is living and resides at San Jose, California.

WHEREFORE, petitioner prays the order of this Court changing her name from Lulu Limberg Benjamin to Lulu Limberg and for such other and further order as may be just.

LULU LIMBERG BENJAMIN, Petitioner.

F. B. Brown, Attorney for Petitioner.

On reading and filing the above petition it is ordered that said petition be heard by said Superior Court, on Monday, June 1st, 1903, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. and that a copy of said petition be published for four successive weeks before said hearing in the "Campbell Visitor" a newspaper printed in said County of Santa Clara.

Dated, San Jose, Cal., April 24th, 1903.

M. H. HYLAND, Judge.

AUCTION SALE

On May 23, 1903, at 1 o'clock sharp, I will sell that fine piece of property situated on Mary avenue 1¼ miles from center of town of Mountain View, comprising five acres, all set in fruit, prunes, peaches, all varieties of small fruit, fine modern seven room house, fine barn, mill and tank, all new and just the place for a model home. It will pay anyone looking for a fine home to investigate this property. I have some other very fine property at private sale. Lunch will be served on the ground by O. W. Wheeler, caterer of San Jose, at a nominal sum There will be some other choice property offered at the same time and place Anyone having property in the vicinity of Marys avenue can have it sold by signing before sale. There will also be some good horses wagons, etc., three heavy horses. Neighbors having any personal property they want to sell please have it on the ground on morning of sale and sign contract for same

Terms of sale: Sale on real estate, one-half cash, 10 per cent on the fall of the hammer, ten days allowed for examining of the title, balance of purchase to suit at 7½ per cent. FRANK CROBAUGH, Real Estate Broker.

Phone White 281. J. C. MURPHY, Auctioneer.

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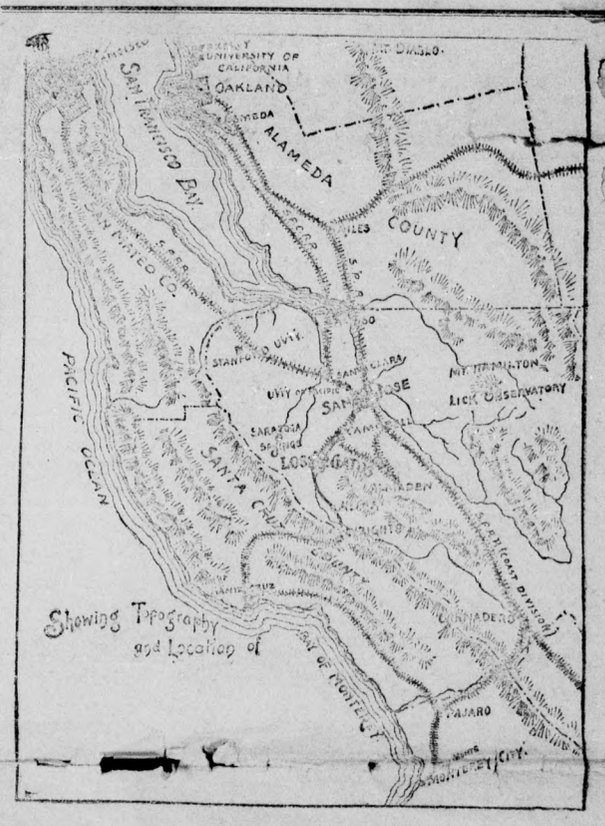
Santa Clara Valley.

The Garden of California.



AS TO CAMPBELL:

SEE MAP AND NOTE PLACE.

Campbell is a town of about Seven Hundred People, situated in the heart of the Santa Clara Valley, and five miles from San Jose (30,000 people), of which city Campbell is the newest and most important suburb. With further reference to situation, Campbell is just fifty miles south of San Francisco, and thirty miles north of Santa Cruz on Monterey Bay. Two Railroads, a broad gauge and a narrow gauge, connect Campbell directly with San Francisco, the narrow gauge running along the east side of San Francisco Bay to Alameda, where passengers are transferred to commodious ferry boats and landed at the foot of Market Street in the heart of San Francisco. Broad gauge trains run along the west side of the Bay, through Palo Alto, Menlo Park, and other celebrated places, into San Francisco, to the depot in the center of the city. Both these roads are the Southern Pacific, having same depot in Campbell and same railroad tickets are used on both—a most advantageous arrangement. These two railroads also give Campbell quick connection with San Jose, where connection can be made with main line of Southern Pacific, and noted trains like the Sunset Limited which run to New Orleans without change, going through Santa Barbara and Los Angeles. There is also another broad gauge branch of the S. P. from San Jose to San Francisco via Oakland; and still another from San Jose via Livermore Valley to Joaquin Valley points. Thus transportation facilities are unsursurpassed.

Campbell is also connected with Santa Cruz by a narrow gauge that is the unrivaled scenic line of California, through the Santa Cruz Mountains and Big Trees, and down the San Lorenzo River to the Sea. A narrow gauge branch runs from Campbell to the Quick Silver Mines fifteen miles southeast and several electric roads are sure to built in various directions to and about Campbell during the coming year.

Topographically, Campbell may be said to be in the center of a nearly level plateau ten miles across, set in a semicircle of Mountains that rise abruptly from the edge of the plateau.—This plateau, usually called a valley, is the heart of the Santa Clara Valley, and is set in solid orchard, producing prunes, apricots, peaches, pears, cherries. This plain, while level to the eye, has a uniform fall from the foot of the mountains of forty feet to the mile, so that Campbell, which is 200 feet above the sea, is about 120 feet above San Jose.

In this brief sketch it is impossible to give a full description of everything here. But, in general, Campbell offer more to the man of some means, as a place of residence and for investment than any other place anywhere. The climate of Campbell is the most and healthful that can be found in the world. In all those things that go make a place desirable as a home Campbell has no equal at all. A residence in these orchards, with all to please the taste for scenic beauty in the majestic amphitheater of mountains around us, with the great City of the Golden Gate at our front door, and the mountains and sea at our back door, and with every educational, social and religious requirement met, offers inducements that can not be found elsewhere.

Science AND Invention

The electric life-saving hook of J. McKenna, a Scotchman, is a long pole with a hook and an electric light at the outer end. The light is made to glow when seeking a body in the water at night.

The hearing of fishes has been much debated. The presence of an internal ear has given reason for believing in the existence of this sense, but other evidence has led to the conclusion that the function of the ear is to preserve the equilibrium of the fish in the waer, sound being felt through the skin and not heard. From late experiments, in which the nerves of the skin and of the ear were cut in turn, G. H. Parker finds that at least one species (Fundulus heteroclitus) must hear with the ear.

A phenomenon known as "cavitation" has lately come to be recognized as one of the most important causes of loss of efficiency in the driving screws of steamships. When the velocity of the screw is increased above a certain limit a cavity is formed in the water inside which the screw revolves, and a further increase of power then causes no increase of the ship's speed. Mathematical investigation, tested by practical experiments, has shown that cavitation can be avoided by preserving a certain ratio between the resistance and the propelling surface concerned. Upon this principle the speed of some vessels has been greatly increased by simply changing their driving screws.

The United States consul at Progreso says that the fields and gardens of Yucatan are filled with useful vegetables and fragrant herbs unknown to the outer world. In the cultivated fields are grown species of Indian corn, beans, squashes and tubers for which, in this country, we have no name, because we have never seen nor heard of them. In the forests and jungles grow wild fruits, already excellent in quality, which could be made delicious by scientific cultivation. Mr. Thompson, the consul, avers that there are half a score of wild fruits which offer more promising results to cultivation than ever did the bitter wild almond, which was the progenitor of the peach. There are six varieties of Indian corn in Yucatan, and the natives speak of this plant as "the grace of God."

Mr. E. A. Martel, the celebrated explorer of French caverns, has lately been explaining, before the Academy of Sciences, the remarkable variations in the flow of the great natural fountain of Vaucluse. This fountain, which has been famous for ages, and is connected with the romance of Petrarch and Laura, excites the admiration of all travelers. Arthur Young visited it, during his travels in France on the eve of the great revolution, and gave a delightful sketch of it in his book. The fountain is so abundant with water that it gives rise to the Sorgue, a small river. Mr. Martel says in fact, that the fountain is the debouchment of a river, which, in the upper part of its course, flows entirely under ground; and he explains the curious irregularities in the quantity and the temperature of the water by certain assumptions as to the shape and size of the subterranean cavities that give it passage.

A WORLD'S WONDER.

Such Is the Rapid March of Events in the Great Northwest.

In the Northwest everything seems to have happened within the last ten years; events which would be of epoch-making importance in any country at any time have here crowded one upon another with wanton prodigality, so that the Northwesterner, plumped down in the whirl of great things, can himself hardly grasp their full significance, contenting himself with confused superlatives.

Think of this march of events! It was barely eight years ago that the gold fields of the Klondike were brought to the knowledge of the world, causing a rush of Americans to the Northwest, and building up suddenly a new and important business for the Puget Sound ports, where the miners outfitted and took ship. Following the Klondike excitement, came the various Alaska discoveries, and Seattle and Tacoma were and the the natural headquarters for most of the supplies shipped northward as well as the entry point for the returning miners with their treasure, not a little of which is left to enrich the people of the ports.

Hardly had the gold excitement calmed to the paces of a steady business enterprise when the Spanish War broke out, and these Pacific cities were thrown into the turmoil of visiting battleships and of provisioning and transporting the army of the Philippines. Then came the opening trade with our new insular possessions in the Pacific, the Chinese War and its call for equipment and its stir of soldiery and transports, followed by the recent commercial expansion of Japan, with its trade demands. And now an element has just entered into the calculations of the coast—the construction of the Panama Canal—which will revolutionize whole departments of the world's trade and exercise a profound influence for good or evil on the cities of the Northwestern coast.

Many of the events, it is true, notably the opening of the door to the far East, are mostly promissory assets; and yet their prophecy of a golden future has not been without its profound effect on the growth of the Pacific cities and the attraction of energetic men with money. To the Pacific ports will ultimately come most of the trade of the Philippines, worth sixty millions annually, and a growing share of the billion dollars or more of the annual business of China, Japan, Siberia and the Dutch East Indies, to say nothing of the large foreign trade of Australia and New Zealand. Alaska, once regarded as a hopelessly distant and irreclaimable waste of mountains and snow, is also progressing with wonderful rapidity, not only in its mines, but in the development of its fisheries and in the utilization of its forests and its agricultural resources, so that to-day the Alaskan trade is of much importance.

While these world events were crowding upon one another, the development of the country tributary to the coast, upon which the solid progress of the cities must ultimately rest, was going forward with unprecedented rapidity. Western Canada was opening to settlement, is opening now, in a marvelous manner; railroads were building; schemes for irrigating the arid lands were in course of development; crop production was increasing; timber was being cut from an almost inexhaustible supply, to supplement the waning forests of Maine and Michigan; coal mines were being opened, and salmon caught—all the forces of industry working together with a rapidity which must always remain a world's wonder.—Century.

FOLLOWED THE RAILROAD.

Knobnoster, Missouri, Pulled Up and Moved North.

The story of a Nebraska village, Benton, on the Platte river, left high and dry by the Union Pacific Railroad, which "shied off" in another direction, has often been told. The Bentonites put their furniture, cattle, houses and barns on flatboats, and floated down to a location near the railroad and rebuilt there. The New York Sun tells the story of another western town called Knobnoster, which has done a similar thing twice.

For years before the Missouri Pacific Railroad was extended across the State from St. Louis, Knobnoster was a post village at which the stage coaches used to stop for water for their horses and food for their passengers. The civil engineers of the Missouri Pacific finally entered the country, and ran the line about two miles to the north of the town.

The old town waked up for the first time in its existence. Most of the houses were put on wheels and moved over to the new site.

Just about the time the new Knobnoster began to look like a town, the railroad authorities concluded to shift the projected line. They decided upon a cut-off, which left the new town out in the grass and the hazel brush. A town site on the cut-off was laid out about two miles still further to the north. The railroad was constructed and a station erected.

The new town sulked for a while, but finally an old doctor moved over by the station to act for the railroad company, and his patients had to follow. One by one the houses, or most of them, were moved over by the station and rebuilt.

In a year the entire town had changed its location a second time, and was huddled about the railroad station, where it has remained ever since. But for a good many years the people watched the railroad with suspicion.

Unfamiliar with the Subject.

One of the college clubs gave a reception last fall to the members of the football team. It was a great night for the club. An important game had just taken place, and the home team had won. There were speeches and songs and cheers. Finally some one called for [illegible] four years he had been responsible for the physical fitness of all the college teams, and he was as proud of their excellence as any graduate present. But his forte was deeds, not words. Finally, however, he got warmed up to the occasion, and this, according to the New York Evening Post, is what he said:

"The only trouble up here," he began, "is the system. It's all wrong, and we're lucky to have as good a string as we've got over there," jerking his thumb at the team. "To illustrate: The cry is 'Every man come out,' but the men that come out ain't any good at their books, and the booky ones ain't strong enough for the field.

"Why, I remember when college opened and the candidates trotted out, I set my eyes on a likely lad, and said to Mr. Lamson and Mr. Briggs, 'He's a find; just what we've been looking for.' Then he disappeared, and I didn't set eyes on him again till last week, when I met him going to recitation.

"'Hey, you!' says I. 'Why haven't you been out?'

"'Got a condition,' says he.

"'Why don't you work it off?' I asks.

"'Been trying to,' he growls, 'but it's something I never studied before.'

"'What is it?' says I.

"'English,' says he."

In the roar that followed this naive tale the trainer had hard work to make himself heard. He grew red in the face, waved his hands deprecatingly, and sat down, with the remark, "The system's all wrong."

Chinese Fruits.

"'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody any good." Now that China is being opened to civilization Western nations may have many things, both strange and good, from that country. A writer in Garden and Farm says that some of the Chinese fruits, cunningly coaxed and lovingly cherished through many centuries, are said by travelers to be delicious.

There is an orange grown in China that is reported to surpass in sweetness and delicacy any of the oranges to which the people of Europe or America are accustomed; and it may be grown in places where the temperature falls twenty degrees below the freezing point. There is also a peach unlike anything to which the West is accustomed, and a winter muskmelon that will appeal irresistibly to the American palate. This melon is at its best in December and January.

There are many other good things in China to which the United States will doubtless be introduced in time. Of some of the choice Chinese dishes, such as bird's-nest soup and the like, there have been abundant descriptions; but there are better things in reserve. The fruits are described as surpassing those of any other country.

No Chance to Get Pictures.

Mrs. Gaddle—They hain't got many pixtures in their house.

Mrs. Kromo—I didn't s'pose they had. Why, she told me they don't never buy no tea at all; don't use it.—Philadelphia Press.

After a fine band concert, poor piano playing actually hurts.

Tige's Vindication

ONE October morning the village of Alden, which lies on the western slopes of the Adirondack Mountains, was thrown into a state of much excitement. The finest sheep in the village, a small flock of Southdowns, owned by Squire Fenton, had been slaughtered during the night. In a few days they were to have been taken to the county seat, there to be exhibited at the annual fair.

Every inhabitant of Alden took an interest in the beautiful creatures, and was sure they would have been awarded the premium.

The squire was naturally much incensed, and offered a reward of fifty dollars to the one who should trace and kill the dogs that had wrought such devastation.

It was known there had been trouble between the squire and Joe Kinney, a hunter who lived on the outskirts of the village. The winter before Joe had been tried and imprisoned for the illegal killing of deer, and at that time he had vowed to get even with Mr. Fenton, who made the complaint against him.

Joe owned several savage dogs, and it was thought he might know something about the killing of the sheep.

The reward had stimulated the village constables, and rumors were current that Kinney would be arrested on suspicion and taken before the grand jury.

Joe had often been my hunting companion.

After viewing the dead sheep as they lay in Fenton's field, I strolled out to the hunter's little shanty. He had heard of the suspicions connecting him with the matter, and was glad enough to see a friendly face.

At his request I described the appearance of the slaughtered animals. Seven sheep had been killed, the throat of each one being torn. Lying with the sheep was the squire's collie dog. The faithful fellow must have heard the disturbance, and died in trying to defend his charges. Traces of blood on the ground proved he had made a hard fight before succumbing.

The village gossips thought no dog in the neighborhood was capable of doing such cruel work unless it be Joe's big Tige (as one of his dogs was called), and even Tige, they intimated, might need aid and urging on.

The hunter listened with attention, and I saw that he had a theory of his own. But when he heard the rumor that he had taken part in the massacre he grew indignant.

"Me and Tige are two dogs that have a hard name; so they lays all bad work to us. If Tige wanted to kill Fenton's collie and sheep, he didn't need any help. But I tell ye he warn't there. He slept by my bunk last night; then don't you see he ain't got no marks of fightin'?"

Tige, at the sound of his name, rose from the spot where he was sunning himself and walked up to us. He was white in color, of heavy, powerful build, and looked as if he might be a mixture of bulldog and hound. He was covered with the partially-healed marks of former battles, but had no fresh wounds.

"Them fellers says Tige is the dog that done the business," continued the hunter, "and it warn't him, was it? To me it has the 'pearance of a wolf."

Joe said this in a way that carried conviction to me. To be sure, it was some years since wolves had been seen in the neighborhood, but it was quite possible for one to have wandered down from the mountains.

When Joe said Tige had not left the house the night before I believed him. The dog's appearance was one proof; moreover, in my acquaintance with Joe Kinney, I had found him truthful, even in matters where most hunters are willing to exaggerate.

As Joe's friend, I was willing to aid him in any way I could in proving his innocence. It was not yet noon, and he proposed I should go for my gun, and then join him in pursuit of the real culprit.

By half-past twelve I had had dinner, and returned to the hunter's shanty, armed with my light rifle.

One of Joe's dogs was a small mongrel hound, which would track anything from a red squirrel to a panther. With this dog he proposed to make a circuit about the Fenton sheep pasture.

If our suspicions were correct, the hound would be sure to find the wolf's track. Once found, there would be little danger of losing it. Joe's favorite weapon was a long, old-fashioned musket. When this was brought out, the villagers knew the hunter was bent on bringing home big game.

He charged the musket with a handful of destructive-looking "slugs," put a chain on the hound, whistled to Tige, and we were ready for the hunt.

As we marched through the squire's fields we were intently watched by a group of men who lingered near the scene of the disaster.

A stone wall, with a ditch parallel to it, stretched away from one end of the sheep pasture. As we reached this wall the hound sniffed about, whimpering excitedly.

Joe walked along the ditch, and, stooping, pointed out to me what looked like a large dog track imprinted in the soft earth. It was nearly the size of a panther's track. But when I suggested that it might be one of those animals, the hunter disagreed; a panther would kill one sheep and drag it off. Only a wolf was capable of destroying an entire flock for the sake of drinking their blood.

Still keeping him chained, we let the hound guide us along the trail. Half a mile beyond lay a cedar swamp, covering about thirty acres of ground, and straight to this swamp led the track we were following.

Upon reaching the edge of the cover, Joe halted. He thought it probable that the wolf was in hiding near by. If the animal intended another raid on the sheep folds, this was the most natural place in which to secrete himself until nightfall; if he was ready to return to the mountains, he would be likely, after the night's effective work, to rest during the day in this swamp, resuming his journey under cover of darkness.

A wolf would never attempt to traverse in daylight the thirty miles of farm land which lay between him and the Adirondack forest.

If the hunter was right in his surmise as to the animal's hiding place, it behooved us to form some plan of attack.

On the east side of the swamp two wood roads used by farmers in drawing cedar for their fences led from the open into the center of the woods.

In Joe's opinion, the wolf, if started by the hound, would leave the thick cover by one of these two roads.

"For a wolf," he explained, "ain't like a fox or a rabbit, to scuttle along close to the ground; he's built higher, and don't want his hide slapped by dead cedar branches any more than we want our'n."

Joe proposed I should hurry around the swamp and station myself in one of the wood roads; he would wait ten minutes before letting the hound go on the scent, and then would himself try to reach the other road before the game was started.

I easily found one of the paths, which I followed into the woods for a short distance. In this way my stand I moved a step or two back from the beaten track, so that, while I was myself concealed, I could look along the narrow lane formed by the road and its walls of dense cedar.

But a few minutes had passed after reaching my station when the silence was broken by the hound's baying. The foliage about the dog was so thick that his voice had a strange, muffled sound.

The dog could not be more than forty rods away. If the wolf had started and was coming in my direction, he would reach me almost immediately.

As I was feeling [illegible] pocket to know if the cartrid[illegible] where I could easily get at [illegible] was a slight pattering [illegible] and, peering through the bu[illegible] saw a tall, grayish animal trottin[illegible] road toward me.

He was in no hurry, stopping to listen to the hound, and seeming half inclined to stop and teach the presumptuous pursuer a lesson.

Where I stood the cedars were so thick that it was impossible for me to fire. I waited until the animal was within twenty feet, then, slipping into the road, confronted him. My rifle was at my shoulder, ready to fire.

I supposed he would either halt for an instant or turn and endeavor to escape. In either case I felt confident of putting a bullet [illegible] him, but the wolf had more courage than I gave him credit for, or else he attempted to run by me, for, instead of turning, he charged down the road directly at me. The peril of the moment compelled a hasty aim; the bullet went wide of the mark, and I had no time to reload before the wolf was crouching in the road, almost at my feet.

Clubbing the rifle, I gave him a hard blow across the head, but his skull seemed proof against such attacks. Before I could recover from the momentum of the blow I had struck, the wolf threw himself against my chest. My foot slipped and I went over backward.

The rifle was dashed from my grasp, but as we fell I got a firm grip with both hands in the long hair at the creature's throat.

The wolf stood over me. I was wondering how much longer I would be able to keep him at arm's length. His struggles and plunges were fast exhausting me, when something white flashed across the road, striking the wolf with such force as to knock him from my grasp.

Staggering to my feet, I saw the wolf and old Tige grappling with each other in deadly combat.

As they rolled about in the road neither animal seemed to be gaining any advantage over his opponent, yet the wolf was so much the more agile that I feared he would tire out the dog and escape.

Catching up my rifle from the ground, I was about to interfere, when a voice cried:

"Wait a minute; let 'em fight it out!"

Joe scrambled through the bushes and stood at my side.

"They said he did it, so it's fair Tige had the first chance at him that did the killing. Tige's most interested and I next. I'll see he don't get away."

But there was no need of using the musket. While Joe was speaking the dog had managed to seize his antagonist by the throat, and in a moment or two the struggle was ended.

Joe called off the dog, and carefully examined the dead wolf. Besides the marks of Tige's teeth there were wounds which Joe said must have been made the night before by the squire's collie.

We slung the wolf across a pole and carried him from the swamp. A group of men loitered about the sheep pasture, among them being the tall figure of Squire Fenton. They watched us and our burden with curiosity.

When we were near the spot where we first discovered the wolf's track in the ditch Joe halted and shouted to the men to come forward.

When they had reached us, he pointed out the large track made the night previous in the ditch. Then close to this track in the soft earth he made an impression with one of the wolf's paws.

The two feet were exactly alike.

He then called Tige into the ditch. The dog's tracks was fully a third smaller than the other two.

Tige was vindicated.

The squire opened his pocketbook and put a roll of bank notes into Joe's hand.

"That," said he, "is the fifty dollars reward which belongs to you." He hesitated, coughed uneasily, and then continued: "Mr. Kinney, I fear I've wronged you, or at least allowed you to be unjustly suspected. Now, I want a reliable man to take charge of my live stock, cattle and sheep. I can afford to pay the right person good wages. Will you take the place?"

A flash of pleasure at this proof of confidence lit up the hunter's face.

"Thank'ee, squire, thank'ee! But I'm too much of a backwoodsman to quit hunting and trapping. Howsomever, if I ever do work, it'll be for you."

With this compliment to the squire, Joe whistled to his dog and moved away.

When I again visited Alden, several years later, the spirit of work had not yet taken possession of the trapper; but there were no better friends in the country than Squire Fenton and Joe Kinney.—Golden Days.

TEARS WON HIS CASE.

Rejected Youngster Stole Book from a Public Library.

It was just after the close of school yesterday that a public school teacher walked into the private office of Mrs. Whitney at the public library. Following closely in her wake was a little dark haired youngster, with big, frightened brown eyes, dressed in ragged coat and trousers and shoes that would not have protected his feet from the cold even in bright weather. The teacher looked sternly at the boy, drew from under her arm a brightly colored book and handed it to Mrs. Whitney.

"Here is a book, Mrs. Whitney, which this boy stole from the library," she said. "Now, I will turn him over to you and you may do with him as you like."

She turned and left the office and the boy stood in the center of the room, slowly turning his cap in his hands.

"Sit down," said Mrs. Whitney. "Now, when did you take that book?" she asked, when he was seated in the big chair opposite.

"Saturday," he answered, almost inaudibly, while he kept his big eyes fastened upon her face. Then the tears began to gather and make white streaks down his grimy little face.

"Saturday. And why did you take it?"

"'Cause it was pretty and 'cause—'cause—'cause I ain't never—ain't never had no book for my very own," he said, and his voice was almost choked trying to keep back the tears. Mrs. Whitney had meant to be stern; her heart got the better of her at this point, and there were tears in her own eyes as she answered him.

"Don't you know that it's very wrong to take anything without asking? Why, you could have taken that book home and kept it for a while, if you had asked. All of the books in the children's room are part yours and you may have any one of them any time you ask for it. If you want a book for your own, come down some time and ask Miss Read for one of those which have lost a leaf or two, and you may take it home. You will remember?"

"Yes'm, I will," and the big, brown eyes smiled gratefully into hers as he left the office.—Kansas City Journal.

They Hid Their Keys.

Among the engaging ways of the eternal feminine is the propensity to lock things up and hide the keys. And how it does exasperate their husbands! Take the case of an amiable young woman who carefully fastened her better-half's evening clothes in his suit case, put the key to this in the bureau, locked the drawer and promptly lost its key. This was annoying, to be sure, especially as the man in question had but half an hour to dress and get to the house of the friend who had invited him to a very smart dinner party. There is only one valid reason for being late at a dinner—if a member of one's family falls dead he is excused; otherwise not. Imagine the feelings of this martyr then, who had to break open the suit case, and even then arrived at his host's house after the soup had been taken off.

Another wife's favorite hiding place for the key of the silver chest was in the pocket of her husband's seldom used hunting clothes. He did go off on a hunting expedition to North Carolina last winter, however, carrying the key with him, unwittingly, of course, and the way that the family had to borrow forks and spoons when company arrived unexpected at the house is still told around that neighborhood.

The fact is the average woman has no use for a key. She would rather hide things than lock them up. She has no chain to carry her keys on, and the key basket has gone out of fashion.

London First Nights.

It was at the London first night of one of his odd plays that George Bernard Shaw came before the footlights in answer to repeated and enthusiastic calls for the author. He had just opened his mouth to thank the applauders when a voice from the gallery called out, "I think the play was rotten!" Mr. Shaw looked up at him quickly and said, "I agree with you absolutely, but what chance do we two stand against all these others?" It was another play of Mr. Shaw's, one that had been acted at a private matinee, which he quit town rather than see. At the end of the comedy, in answer to calls for the author, the stage manager came out and read a note from the author saying that, having seen the play once, he had gone many miles into the country rather than risk the danger of having to see it again. Mr. McLellan, the American dramatist, who writes under the name of Hugh Morton, also never saw a performance of his uneven but remarkably clever satire called "The Girl from Up-There," and explained his actions by saying that he was paid for writing the play, not for seeing it.—Leslie's Monthly.

It doesn't make so much difference about the idle girls, but those who have to work all day should really have been born with curly hair.

An attorney who files a personal injury suit without alleging damage to the spine isn't onto his job. A jury can't see the spine.

CANADA'S DIAMOND FIELDS.

Mines as Rich as Those of South Africa, Perhaps, Near Hudson's Bay.

Somewhere in the far North, south of Hudson's Bay, lie undiscovered diamond fields as rich as those of South Africa. At least, this is the assertion of Professor W. H. Hobbs in an article written for the Popular Science Monthly.

In proof of his remarkable statement Professor Hobbs has prepared a map which shows within a few hundred miles where the great diamond belt may be found.

The reason of his investigation was the discovery of the following seven diamonds in Wisconsin and adjoining States:

"Eagle stone"	16 carats
Oregon diamond	4 carats
Kohlsville diamond	21 carats
Saukville diamond	6 carats
Burlington diamond	2 carats
"Dowagiac stone"	11 carats
Milford diamond	6 carats

These diamonds were picked up by farmers who were ignorant of their worth, and kept as curios for years before their true value was discovered.

The Saukville diamond was kept on the clock shelf of a farmhouse for sixteen years before it was recognized as anything but a curious bit of bright quartz.

The "Eagle stone" was kept for seven years and then sold to a Milwaukee jeweler for a dollar, neither buyer nor seller having any idea of its worth.

Perhaps the strangest fact about these discoveries that attracted the attention of Professor Hobbs was that the soil in which these seven diamonds were found was not in any case the kind from which diamonds could be produced.

In spite of all the digging and delving that followed every discovery no second stone was ever found.

Professor Hobbs soon discovered that all these diamonds, besides a number of smaller ones, had been found along the ridges of land formed millions of years ago by the great glaciers that had moved down from the north.

He at once concluded that the precious gems had been carried to the places where they were found by those moving icefields that are known to have existed long before there was any life on this planet.

When at last the glaciers stopped and melted, the diamonds which they had carried on their backs were dropped upon the ground, to be discovered ages afterward by Wisconsin farmers.

The important question, therefore, to be answered is: At what place did the glaciers pick up the diamonds?

Professor Hobbs replies by tracing seven lines northward from the places where the stones were found, showing that they come almost to a point just south of Hudson Bay.

"The ancestral home of these diamonds," says Professor Hobbs, "must be in the wilderness of Canada between the points where the several tracks converge upon one another. It is by no means improbable that when the barren territory about Hudson Bay is thoroughly explored a region for profitable diamond mining may be revealed."—New York World.

The Unknown Swamp.

Within twenty miles of one of the largest and most energetic of the Southern cities of the coast, and on the border lands of two of the oldest Southern States, there lies a district some two or three hundred square miles in extent, but little better known at this day than it was 150 years ago when George Washington himself laid out a route through its wilderness. The name alone, "The Dismal Swamp," is a by-word everywhere. When the spring is far enough along for the wild honeysuckle and jasmine and the arbutus vines to be hanging in delicious masses over the sides of the ditches and reaching down to the red-brown water, of a color so clear and warm and sunny, then there is a festival time in the Swamp. Companies of young people come from the villages lying around the borders of the swamp, twenty or thirty at a time, with some slight camping outfit, embark on large, flat-bottomed dugouts that draw but little water, and then are poled up the ditches for ten or twelve miles from the fertile farm lands of the outer world to the savagely luxuriant beauty of a lake hidden in the midst of the wilderness. Then at a camp on the lake shore they spend a night or two, fishing in the lake, poling along its shores, doing a little shooting perhaps, much dancing in the evenings and merry-making, until they are poled out again, often by a different route. A real spring festival that has been a habit in that country for many years.—Leslie's Monthly.

No Incentive for Dash.

"I dunno what to do about Josh," said Farmer Corntossel. "He don't seem to have much enterprise."

"You've been complainin' 'bout the boy ever sence we went to that theayter," replied his wife, reprovingly. "You've gone ahead an' cleared all the debts off the place, an' ef there ain't any incentive for Josh to go out in the wide world an' hustle, so's he can come back an' lift the mortgage jes' as the landlord is about to foreclose, it's your own fault."—Washington Star.

Colors Injurious

Experiments with glass of various colors in greenhouses indicate that nothing is better than plain uncolored glass. With violet colored glass the size of fruit was decreased, and quality injured and the earliness retarded, although the number of fruit was greater. Other colors were injurious in every way.

Not Feazed by Lightning.

A curious characteristic peculiar to the California redwood tree is that if the head is cut off by lightning a new one will gradually grow out in its place as shapely as the first.

If a woman is a widow, and has a solemn 12-year-old daughter, the girl has her duties the same as any chaperon.

Don't you complain too much, and don't you find too much fault? Think it over.

NAMES OF INDIAN YOUTHS.

President Roosevelt Has Placed Check Upon an Absurd Practice.

One reform in the conduct of the Indian bureau which has been inaugurated by President Roosevelt will receive universal approval. He has recently issued an order regarding the names given to Indians in schools and on the official records. It is well known that the name bestowed upon the Indian on his entrance into the vestibule of civilization is commonly a matter of foolish caprice on the part of some agent or teacher or other white person. It is a common trick to call young Indians at school after some famous or notorious persons. The struggles of the young aborigine are often added to by the necessity of bearing through life the name of Otto Van Bismarck or George Francis Train or Belva Lockwood or Carrie Nation or some other equally well-known person. Often the struggler relapses into barbarism under the mere weight of this odious necessity.

Still other young Indians are burdened with false and ignorant English translations of the names given them by their parents, like Dog-That-Jumps-Around or Hole-in-the-Day (this great Indian's name should really have been translated Eclipse), or Old-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses, and so on. With one bother and another, the young Indian's way in civilization is likely to be seriously obstructed by reason of his name. And even if he is given a simple and reasonable English name it often happens that a different surname is given to each one of the children of the same parents—a process which results in confusion in matters of inheritance and paves the way for much litigation.

The President now desires that children who enter schools or go upon the agents' rolls shall, whenever it is practicable, preserve as given names the Indian names that have been given them, but shall receive as a surname the name of their father. This introduces a new principle. The Indians have never had patronymics. They have had matronymics—clan names and family names—but designation has seldom run with them in the paternal line.

THE LABORER AND HIS HIRE

Millionaire Who Always Pays When Work Is Done.

"Never allow a workman to go away without his pay when it is due," was the motto of a firm of jewelers. The Philadelphia Evening Telegraph explains in the jeweler's own words how he came to adopt the rule.

When I first lived in Philadelphia many years ago, he said, it was a dreadful struggle to keep myself and wife and five children. We lived in one room, the seven of us. Once in a while I got work to do at home nights, and finally we rented two rooms on a first floor down the street. We lived in the rear room. The front room was a shop, which my wife tended in the daytime, and where I did such repair work as I could get to do nights. It was a hard struggle. There wasn't much to eat sometimes, and paying the rent was always a fearful effort.

One time during this period a millionaire dropped into my shop and asked me to go to his house, get a certain French clock, and repair it. The rent was due in three days, with six dollars still lacking of the sum necessary to pay it. I tramped out and got the clock, and spent most of the next two nights in repairing it. On the evening of the third day I tramped back to his house, carrying the thirty-pound clock, which I delivered safely to the butler. In about a quarter of an hour he returned and handed me a twenty-dollar bill, from which I was expected to give him thirteen dollars change, my bill being seven dollars. I had to return it, as I had no money. He left the room again, and shortly returned and told me that his master would call next morning and pay the bill. I was shown out.

The millionaire didn't call for a week, but the landlord wasn't behind a minute. We gave him all the money we had, but still owed him three dollars. It was a week before any of us seven had a square meal again. I shall never forget the dreadful unhappiness I experienced during my return from the millionaire's house; and I never let a workman whom I owe go unpaid a single hour after his money is due.

A Hasty-Lunch Education.

There is much discussion nowadays of the proposition to shorten the course in our colleges to three or even to two years. To those who know that the benefit of a college course is not so much in passing a certain number of subjects as in living a certain length of time in a university atmosphere, the idea of cutting anything off from the regular four years, except for a few eager and brilliant students, is superficial and unconvincing.

President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton is credited with the witty remark, "I cannot imagine how anybody who ever saw a sophomore could ever thing of graduating one in that condition."

That is a way of putting it that will appeal to college men. The president of Oberlin College hit the mark with a different sort of projectile, but he hit it in the center.

A student asked him if he could not advantageously take a shorter course than that prescribed by the curriculum.

"Oh, yes," answered the president. "That depends on what you want to make of yourself. When God wants to make an oak, He takes a hundred years; but when He wants to make a squash He takes but six months."

Profit in Fir Trees.

A few years ago the balsam fir tree was considered one of the most worthless of forest trees, but since the growth of the Christmas tree industry it has taken on an added value. The contractors pay from three to four cents apiece for the larger ones. This price seems insignificant when taken alone, but when it is considered that from 3,000 to 4,000 trees will grow on an acre and that the trees can be raised on land worthless for anything else, it is a different story.

When some people want to praise a baby, they say, "Why, you wouldn't know there was a baby in the house!"

CONGRESSMAN WILBER SAYS

(To the Pe-ru-na Medicine Co., of Columbus, O.)

"Pe-ru-na is All You Claim For It."

Congressman D. F. Wilber, of Oneonta, N. Y., writes:

The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio:

Gentlemen—"Persuaded by a friend I have tried your remedy and I have almost fully recovered after the use of a few bottles. I am fully convinced that Peruna is all you claim for it, and I cheerfully recommend your medicine to all who are afflicted with catarrhal trouble."

—DAVID F. WILBER.

Pe-ru-na a Preventive and Cure for Colds.

Mr C. F. Given, Sussex, N. B., Vice President of "The Pastime Boating Club," writes:

"Whenever the cold weather sets in I have for years past been very sure to catch a severe cold which was hard to throw off, and which would leave after effects on my constitution the most of the winter.

"Last winter I was advised to try Peruna, and within five days the cold was broken up and in five days more I was a well man. I recommended it to several of my friends and all speak the highest praise for it. There is nothing like Peruna for catarrhal afflictions. It is well nigh infallible as a cur, and I gladly endorse it." —C. F. Given.

A Prominent Singer Saved From Loss of Voice.

Mr. Julian Weisslitz, 175 Seneca street, Buffalo, N. Y., is corresponding secretary of the Sangerlust, of New York; is the leading second bass of the Sangerlust, the largest German singing society of New York and also the oldest.

In 1899 The Sangerlust celebrated its fiftieth anniversary with a large celebration in New York City. The following is his testimony:

"About two years ago I caught a severe cold while traveling and which settled into catarrh of the bronchial tubes, and so affected my voice that I was obliged to cancel my engagements. In distress I was advised to try Peruna, and although I had never used a patent medicine before, I sent for a bottle.

"Words but illy describe my surprise to find that within a few days I was greatly relieved, and within three weeks I was entirely recovered. I am never without it now, and take an occasional dose when I feel run down." —Julian Weisslitz.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

The man who saves when he is young may spend when he is old.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—MRS. THOS. ROBBINS, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

The man who does little things well can do big things if he has a chance.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE.

Write Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures chilblains, sweating, damp, swollen, aching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for Corns and Bunions. All druggists sell it, 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

Getting mad over politics is the way of the unwise.

Always look for this trade mark: "The Kleanwell Kool Kitchen Kind." The Stoves without smoke, ashes or heat. Make comfortable cooking.

The dollar you borrow is never so big as the dollar you return.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

All men are born equal and they die equal; the only difference is they do not live equal.

Children should not be made to toil too severely too early in life. Youth should be a joyous season and one to which we can look back with pleasure all our lives.

The only way some men have of appearing great is to try to make other men appear small.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

To have lived and known nothing of Longfellow, Scott and Irving is not to have lived at all.

In conversation omit yourself altogether and other people as much as possible.

The eucalyptus tree is the most beneficial to mankind.

Great natures are always generous; small souls are narrow and selfish.

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Cure Biliousness and Habitual Constipation. Chocolate coated. 10c, 25c boxes. Sold by druggists and prescribed by physicians.

If fathers did not smoke there would be fewer boys who think it is manly to smoke.

Cowards never work reforms and men who close their eyes to crime never aid humanity.

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The city of Milwaukee is the most German city in the United States.

We have always been of the opinion that mankind would be much the gainer if half the pills were never made.

Profanity is one of the most hideous of habits. The man who engages in it lowers himself in the estimation of true men.

TRY A TEN-CENT BOX
Adams' Sarsaparilla Pills.
(Chocolate coated.) For Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headaches, Dyspepsia. Druggists.

A Lost Fee.

Dr. Hunter, the famous English physician, invariably received very large fees for his services. On one occasion when he was asked by a lady the amount of his fee he informed her that he made an invariable practice of never fixing its amount. "Very well, sir," the patient promptly answered, "if you cannot fix it I am sure I can't." And, to the doctor's consternation, she walked out of the room without paying him a penny.

It Wasn't All In Him.

"Johnny," said his mother severely, "some one has taken a big piece of gingerbread out of the pantry."

Johnny blushed guiltily.

"Oh, Johnny!" she exclaimed, "I didn't think it was in you."

"It ain't all," replied Johnny; "part of it's in Elsie."

Brutal Treatment of a Wife.

Husband—Don't you think that you are rather unreasonable to expect me to take you to a ball, stay awake until 4 o'clock and then get up at 8 to go to my work?

Wife—I may be a little unreasonable, but it's perfectly brutal of you to mention it.—New York Weekly.

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CONQUERS PAIN.

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that Are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

Soon Decided.

"What a magnificent specimen that tall Swede is!" said Rivers, looking at the stalwart policeman that was guarding the crossing.

"He isn't a Swede," said Brooks. "He's Irish."

"Bet you a dollar."

"It's a go."

They approached the policeman.

"Officer," asked Brooks, "where is the Masonic Temple?"

"Be Jarge!" he replied, "yez'll hev—"

"Here's your dollar, Brooks," said Rivers, handing it over.

Too Expensive.

"Five dollars a minute?" said the youth who had asked the long distance telephone rate between him and the town where resided the lady fair.

"Yes, sir," asserted the telephone clerk.

"I guess I am not on speaking terms with her," sighed the youth, sadly counting the $4.50 which was in his purse.

Defined.

Teacher—What is a cannibal?

Bobbie—Please, sir, a cannibal is one who eats each other.

Bessie's Impression.

"Did the baby just come from heaven?" asked little Bessie.

"Yes, dear," replied the nurse.

"Dacious! I guess he came so soon he forgot to bring his teeth."

His Little Joke.

La Montt—Did you ever hear the story of the oyster soup we have at our boarding house?

La Moyne—Think not. Is it a good story?

La Montt—No, there is nothing in it.

A Slight Misunderstanding.

Bell—Don't you think Sousa is a great conductor?

Nell—I don't ever remember riding on his car.

Why It Failed to Appear.

"You didn't publish that communication I sent you the other day about the money problem."

"No, the fact is——"

"Don't you believe in giving both sides in your paper?"

"Yes, but you wrote on both sides of yours."

Hint on Etiquette.

"Say," whispers the parvenu at the banquet given to commemorate the reconciliation of the society couple, "my bread is wrapped in a napkin. I'm not up on all these things, you know. Do I eat the napkin?"

"Oh, no," says his mentor. "Not here. This feast is to celebrate the cessation of chewing the rag."

The Main Fact.

Angry Father—Giving money to you is like pouring water into a sieve.

Spendthrift Son—Well, there's plenty of water, isn't there?

Happy Medium.

Ernie—How funny! Mabel married the son of a minister and Gertrude married a gambler.

May—Who did Sally marry?

Ernie—Oh, I believe she wedded a spiritualist.

May—H'm! Suppose she wanted a medium.

Cause for Jealousy.

"Dere may be girls in school dat have a better edication dan me, but dey can't touch me on style, and dat's wot catches the fellers."

The New Arrival.

"Gee, that was a careless stork," remarked little Ben as he got a glimpse of the baby for the first time.

"How so?" queried the nurse.

"Why, he forgot and left the baby's teeth and hair behind.

A Straight Tip.

"I've got a soft thing," remarked the young man who had just been appointed to a government position, "but I don't know how long I'll be able to keep it."

"Oh, you'll probably keep it till you lose your head," replied the aged cynic.

Choice of Evils.

Wife—It's nearly time to clean house once more.

Husband—Can't you let it go this time?

Wife—I don't see how I can.

Husband—Well, let me suggest a plan. Instead of cleaning house we'll move.

An Independent Thinker.

Flossie—Mamma, didn't the preacher say something last Sunday about not caring what we eat or drink or what kind of clothes we wear?

Mamma—Did he? Perhaps I wasn't paying attention to him.

Flossie—Well, I don't suppose anybody'd pay much attention to him when he says things like that!—Puck.

Cupid's Victory.

Ernie—So the elopement was a failure?

Eva—Oh, no!

Ernie—But I heard the automobile broke down.

Eva—Yes, but it broke down right in front of a minister's.

At the Minstrels.

Bones—Yeas, Ah found de Filipinos very refined. Would yo' believe dat dey wouldn't sit in der shirt sleeves?

Tambo—No, sah. I cud hahdly believe it. Why wouldn't dey sit in der shirt sleeves?"

Bones—Because dey don't wear eny shirts. Ha! Ha!

Human Nature.

Hix—Say, I want to buy a good dog.

Dix—Now, that's a sensible thing to do. Every man should own a good dog.

Hix—Do you know where I can get one?

Dix—Sure. I'll sell you mine.

Not Answered.

"Are you working for the contractor of the road?" asked the inquisitive party of the laborer who was driving railway spikes.

"Faith, an' Oi'm not," was the reply. "Oi'm workin' for th' ixtender av it."

An Experiment.

Judge—Why did you hit your wife in the face with a rotten apple when she asked you where you had been till 2 a. m.?

Prisoner—I wanted to see if a soft answer would actually turn away wrath.

An Eye to Business.

Physician—The walking is just splendid this morning.

His Wife—Why, I thought the streets were covered with sleet.

Physician—So they are, my dear.

Inexperienced.

"That is a new girl," whispered the old telephone operator.

"How do you know?" queried the friend.

"Why, don't you see she blushes every time anyone kisses over the telephone?"

Too Much for Them.

City Man—Why did the neighbors vacate so swiftly?

Silas—Too much cultivating, stranger.

City Man—Cultivating the fields?

Silas—No; Hiram's daughter was cultivating her voice.

Take No Chances.

He—would you fancy a trip on the sea of matrimony?

She—Yes, if I had a return ticket.

Why He Was Popular.

Ernie—Why is Jack so popular with the girls?

Edith—He is a planter.

Ernie—Planter? What in the world does he plant?

Edith—Kisses.

Proofs.

"My dear, why don't you hit the nail on the head sometimes?"

"I do. Look at my thumb."—Chicago Times-Herald.

"SCRAPPIN' FOR PENNIES."

Clever Venture of Two Street Gamins Which Pays Good Returns.

"Biff! Bang! That's it. Hit 'im again! Bet on the young one!"

Such were the cries heard by those who happened to pass "Board of Trade court" about 2:30 one afternoon a few weeks ago. In the midst of a crowd of about forty people composed of members, clerks, messenger boys and visitors, were two ragged urchins fighting for all they were worth.

The larger of the two was about 13 years old and about 4 feet 4 inches tall, while the other, though probably as old, was considerably smaller.

For the first five or six minutes they fought quite evenly, until the smaller, apparently finding the opening he was looking for, [illegible] hard right swing on his opponent's jaw. This was followed by a few more, and while the larger boy made his way out of the crowd the smaller was greeted with a shower of pennies, nickels and dimes which he quickly gathered up and was seen no more.

In an alley two blocks east two boys met, one rubbing his chin.

"How much?" he eagerly inquired of a smaller boy.

"Two dollars an' twelve cents; lemme see—dat's one dollar and six cents each."

"Dat's all right; city hall next; lots of sports dere—only don't come in so strong at the finish."—Chicago Record Herald.

Field on Early Berries.

It was about this time of year when the late Eugene Field, of Kansas City, Denver and Chicago was boarding at a "swell place" in Denver. A few strawberries were on the market at $1 a pair, and the landlady invested Field was a star boarder. She passed a strawberry. He looked at it mournfully, and then replied to the proffer of the vegetable diamond:

"No, thanks, ma'am; I'm afraid it would spoil my taste for prunes!"—Baltimore News.

Some women seem to think their husbands are made of gold dust.

Politician and Statesman.

"Maw, what's de difference between er politician and er statesman?"

"Well, honey, a mushroom's good ain't it?"

"Yes, 'um."

"And a toadstool is pizen, ain't it?"

"Yes, 'um."

"And dey bof look alike?"

"Yes, 'um."

"Des same difference from a statesman to a politician."—Exchange.

Easily Fixed.

Playwright—That villain in my play doesn't act his part up to the lines. He must wear a look of worry and desperation.

Manager—Oh, don't get excited. I'll fix that. John, go up on the stage and start a rumor that I have skipped with the box office receipts.—Baltimore News.

What He Did.

"What did that man do to make himself so famous?" asked the inquirer, gazing curiously at an individual who formed the central of a social group.

"To the best of my knowledge," replied the cynic, "he did the public."

Never Rushes the Growler.

"Do you drink pale beer, Miss Milwaukee?"

"No, indeed; papa buys our beer in bottles."—Boston Christian Register.

The fixed capital in agriculture in the United States is four times that in manufactures.

One day little four-year old Cora was trying to stand on her head. Her mother asked her what she was doing. She answered:

"I'ze standing on my head to rest my feet."—Boston Herald.

Elementary Knowledge.

Simpson—Do you know anything about art?

Jackson—I know enough about art not to try to talk about it.—Detroit Free Press.

If people like you, don't ever start trouble for yourself by asking them why.—Atchison Globe.

That Tired Feeling

Is a Common Spring Trouble.

It's a sign that the blood is deficient in vitality, just as pimples and other eruptions are signs that the blood is impure.

It's a warning, too, which only the hazardous fail to heed.

Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills

Remove it, give new life, new courage, strength and animation.

They cleanse the blood and clear the complexion.

Accept no substitute.

"I felt tired all the time and could not sleep. After taking Hood's Sarsaparilla a while I could sleep well and the tired feeling had gone. This great medicine has also cured me of scrofula."—MRS. C. A. ROOT, Gilead, Conn.

Hood's Sarsaparilla promises to cure and keeps the promise.

Quite Similar.

La Montt—Who is that old fellow that is always hunting for you to buy him a drink?

La Moyne—He claims to belong to the upper crust.

La Montt—The upper crust, eh? Well, I notice he is always short and always dry.—Chicago News.

Literal.

Mistress—What in the world are you putting ashes on the floor for, Bridget.

Bridget—Shure, ma'am, an' didn't yez say to doost the parlor?—Town and Country.

Chronic Sores

Eating Ulcers, A Constant Drain Upon the System

And a source of worry, anxiety and endless trouble to those who are afflicted with them, particularly so when located upon the lower extremities where the circulation is weak and sluggish. A gangrenous eating ulcer upon the leg is a frightful sight, and as the poison burrows deeper and deeper into the tissue beneath and the sore continues to spread, one can almost see the flesh melting away and feel the strength going out with the sickening discharges. Great running sores and deep offensive ulcers often develop from a simple boil, swollen gland, bruise or pimple and are a threatening danger always, because while all such sores are not cancerous, a great many are, and this should make you suspicious of all chronic slow-healing ulcers and sores, particularly if cancer runs in your family. Face sores are common and cause the greatest annoyance because they are so persistent and unsightly and detract from one's appearance.

Middle aged and old people and those whose blood is contaminated and tainted with the germs and poison of malaria or some previous sickness, or excessive use of mercury, are the chief sufferers from chronic sores and ulcers. While the blood remains in this unhealthy, polluted condition healing is simply impossible and the sore will continue to grow and spread in spite of washes and salves or any superficial or surface treatment, for the sore is but the outward sign of some constitutional disorder, a bad condition of the blood and system, which local remdies cannot cure.

Valdosta, Ga., September, 1900.
Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sirs:—Something like a rising came on my instep, very small at first, not at all painful, but as it grew larger and began to pain me I consulted a doctor, but in spite of all he could do the sore got worse and began to discharge; then other sores came until the whole top of my foot was one large mass of sores and I could not walk. Then my husband, who had been cured of Scrofula by the use of S. S. S., said he believed it would cure me. I began taking it and eight bottles cured me; my foot healed up nicely. I believe I would have been a cripple for life but for S. S. S.

MRS. C. H. KING.

S. S. S. reaches these old chronic sores through the blood. It goes to the very root of the trouble and counteracts and removes from the blood all the impurities and poisons, and gradually builds up the entire system and strengthens the sluggish circulation, and when the blood has been purified and the system purged of all morbid, unhealthy matter the healing process begins, and the eating ulcer or chronic sore is soon entirely gone.

SSS

S. S. S. contains no mineral or poisonous drugs of any description, but is guaranteed a purely vegetable remedy, a blood purifier and tonic combined and a safe and permanent cure for chronic sores and ulcers. If you have a slow-healing sore of any kind, large or small, write us about it, and our physicians will advise you without charge. Book on Blood and Skin Diseases free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

The Number Seven.

The ancients believed and taught that seven planets ruled the world and its inhabitants, thus accounting for the seven days of the week, the seven holes in the head, the seven colors of the spectrum and the seven senses. The superstition attaching to the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter endows such a person with magical gifts and unlimited good luck.

Among noted events and things that bear this mystical number are the Seven Days' war, the great conflict for German supremacy, the seven churches of Asia, the seven sleepers of Ephesus and the seven wonders of the world.—American Queen.

Saving the Pennies.

Some people's idea of economy is to break every coin they get hold of so as to save up the pennies they receive in change.—Baltimore American.

Give the world more sunshine and less moonshine.—Dallas News.

ADAMS' SARSAPARILLA PILLS
Chocolate Coated.
Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headaches, Dyspepsia. 10c, 25c. Druggists.

Browning, the poet, said we are placed on earth to grow wings.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contains Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, Price 75c. per bottle.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

$3.00 W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES $3.50 UNION MADE

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's Goodyear Welt (Hand-Sewed Process) shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.

$25,000 REWARD

will be paid to anyone who can disprove this statement.

Because W. L. Douglas is the largest manufacturer he can buy cheaper and produce his shoes at a lower cost than other concerns, which enables him to sell shoes for $3.50 and $3.00 equal in every way to those sold elsewhere for $4 and $5.00.

W. L. Douglas $3.50 and $3 shoes are worn by thousands of men who have been paying $4 and $5, not believing they could get a first-class shoe for $3.50 or $3.00. He has convinced them that the style, fit, and wear of his $3.50 and $3.00 shoes is just as good. Give them a trial and save money.

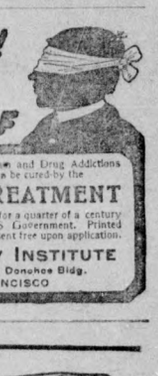
Notice Increase in Business: 1899 Sales: $2,203,883.21; 1900 Sales: $5,024,340.00; A gain of $2,820,456.79 in Four Years.

W. L. DOUGLAS $4.00 GILT EDGE LINE, Worth $6.00 Compared with Other Makes.

The best imported and American leathers. Heyl's Patent Calf, Enamel, Box Calf, Calf, Vici Kid, Corona Colt, and National Kangaroo. Fast Color Eyelets.

Caution: The genuine have W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on bottom. Sold by mail, 25c. extra. Illus. Catalog free.

W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.



DON'T! BLIND YOURSELF

To the fact that Alcoholism and Drug Addictions are diseases and can be cured by the

KEELEY TREATMENT

which has been a success for a quarter of a century and endorsed by the U. S. Government. Printed matter in plain envelopes sent free upon application.

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE
1170 Market St., Donohoe Bldg.
SAN FRANCISCO

THE MEN AND WOMEN

Who Enjoy the Choicest Products of the World's Commerce.

Knowledge of What Is Best More Important Than Wealth Without It.

It must be apparent to every one that qualities of the highest order are necessary to enable the best of the products of modern commerce to attain permanently to universal acceptance. However loudly heralded, they may not hope for world-wide preeminence unless they meet with the general approval, not of individuals only, but of the many who have the happy faculty of selecting, enjoying and learning the real worth of the choicest products. Their commendation, consequently, becomes important to others, since to meet the requirements of the well informed of all countries the method of manufacture must be of the most perfect order and the combination the most excellent of its kind. The above is true not of food products only, but is especially applicable to medicinal agents and after nearly a quarter of a century of growth and general use the excellent remedy, Syrup of Figs, is everywhere accepted, throughout the world, as the best of family laxatives. Its quality is due not only to the excellence of the combination of the laxative and carminative principles of plants known to act most beneficially on the system and presented in the form of a pleasant and refreshing liquid, but also to the method of manufacture of the California Fig Syrup Co., which ensures that uniformity and purity essential in a remedy intended for family use. Ask any physician who is well informed and he will answer at once that it is an excellent laxative. If at all eminent in his profession and has made a special study of laxatives and their effects upon the system he will tell you that it is the best of family laxatives, because it is simple and wholesome and cleanses and sweetens the system effectually, when a laxative is needed, without any unpleasant after-effects. Every well-informed druggist of reputable standing knows that Syrup of Figs is an excellent laxative and is glad to sell it, at the regular price of fifty cents per bottle, because it gives general satisfaction, but one should remember that in order to get the beneficial effects of Syrup of Figs it is necessary to buy the genuine, which is sold in original packages only; the name of the remedy—Syrup of Figs and also the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—printed on the front of every package.

San Francisco, Cal.
Louisville, Ky. New York, N. Y.

FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS. PRICE FIFTY CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Monday 11 May 1903

FIRE INSURANCE

Is absolutely necessary for your protection. He is indeed shortsighted who goes without insurance. Let us put you on the safe side. We have four good companies.

We have the agency for a first class Building and Loan Association. An easy way of getting a home.

☛List your property for sale or rent with us.

☛Send for literature telling about Campbell, the "Orchard City."

HURLBERT & KENNEDY, Campbell

I. O. O. F. Building

The Campbell Visitor

HURLBERT & KENNEDY, Publishers.

CAMPBELL NOTES.

Subscribe for the VISITOR.

Let us keep the weeds down.

Take your Laundry to Putnam.

For fine groceries call on Putnam.

Hurlbert & Kennedy for fire insurance.

Remember Putnam keeps all the magazines.

Let Hurlbert & Kennedy sell your property.

Men's and boys' shoes and summer hats at Blodgett's.

Job printing—the kind that suits—at the VISITOR office.

Men's and boys shoes and summer hats at Blodgett, Campbell.

Lost—Three keys on a small ring. Finder return to VISITOR office.

Work has been commenced on James Kelly's residence on Second Street.

Col. and Mrs. S. F. Cooper left Wednesday for a short stay at Pacific Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Ainsley came down from Felton to be here to see the President.

The Congregational and Methodist Sunday schools are picnicing today at Alma.

Mrs. L. M. Allen and Miss Boyle of San Jose were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Whitman.

Fresh Jersey Milk for sale by W. H. St. John, Harrison Av., opposite Mr. Ainsley's 44

C. B. Miracle has started in working his planing machine. Mr. De Selle and Mr. Call are the work.

Mr. O'Connell, brother-in law of ex-Congressman Loud was the guest of E. F. Woodhull a few days ago.

The M. E. Sunday school netted quite a sum for its piano fund by the sale of ice cream etc. Monday.

Henry Eaton spent Sunday with his mother, Mrs. P. G. Keith, coming down from Oakland on his wheel.

Sidney Tibbetts spent last Saturday and Sunday with his parents. He spends his vacation with a surveying crew.

W. H. St. John is improving his residence property on Harrison avenue by building an addition on the north side.

Mrs. A. Joy gave a party last Thursday evening to the track team of the high school. A very pleasant time was had.

Mr. C. M. Ayers and family of San Jose also, Mr. V. B. Todd of Galva, Ill., visited with Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Whitman last week.

It has been suggested that the Janes lot at the corner of Campbell and Central avenues would be a very suitable one for a small park.

Don't get your magazines away from home, Putnam can get any periodical printed in the world, and has all the leading magazines on hand.

Misses Edwina and Alma Cochran from Milleker, spent a few days with their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Nichols, the fore part of the week.

Mrs. Ella Seidlers and two little daughters returned to their home in Belvidere, Ill., Thursday, after a six month's visit with her father, F. A. Leslie.

The dance given by the Campbell Band at I. O. O. F Hall last Monday night was well attended and the band had a snug little sum to add to its treasury.

Remember the W. C. T. U. Institute opens at 10:40 sharp Tuesday a. m. Come on time, bring your friends and your lunch baskets. Campbell has never before had an Institute. Let her "do herself proud" next week.

Regular semi-monthly meeting of the Campbell Board of Trade will be held this Saturday evening at Campbell Hall. If you are interested COME.

Mrs. E. A. Couillard and Miss Emma D Couillard from Minneapolis, Minn., have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Gilman and Mr. and Mrs. Rev. Kephart.

W. H. Blodgett went to San Francisco to be present at the G. A. R. encampment, where he had a splendid opportunity of seeing and hearing President Roosevelt speak.

Persons living in the vicinity of Campbell can pay their poll tax or personal tax to the deputy assessor, Elgin C. Hurlbert at Campbell, who will give you receipts for the same.

The revival meetings conducted by Miss Ruth Sorrels at the M. E. Church closed Sunday evening. A large crowd was present. Many conversions have resulted from the meetings

Take note of the Mothers' Meeting at W. C. T. U. Institute next Tuesday p. m. led by the County Superintendent of Mothers' Meetings, Mrs. E. L. Whitman. A special invitation to all mothers.

There was a surprise party Thursday night given in honor of Fred G. Hanger at his home on the Los Gatos road. A large number were present to extend congratulations to Mr. Hanger, he having celebrated another birthday.

The W. C. T. U. will hold a meeting in the interest of the department of medal contests at the residence of Mrs. Righter on Friday May 22nd at 2:30 p. m A good program will be rendered. Tea will be served at 4:30 o'clock.

J. H. Campbell is having built a first-class milk room in the basement of his house. The floor and sides of the room are to be concrete and a revolving pan holder is to be installed. It will be an up to date milk room when complete.

The Statler Ditch Co are making an under ground flume for the ditch along First Street, and hereafter the open ditch will be done away with. A force of men are at work. It will be an improvement and greatly appreciated by the residents of that street.

Do not forget to come out next Tuesday evening and hear Miss Severance at the Congregational church. The wit and logic of her speeches have given her high rank among the brightest women in California. She speaks on "Our Greatest Need."

The funeral of Mr. Whaley, who died last Friday night, after a five days illness with pneumonia, occurred at the home of his brother Sunday morning Rev. B. F. Kephart conducted the funeral services, quite a number of Campbell friends being present. The interment was at Santa Clara.

E. J. Wakeman met with a severe mishap Monday during the confusion, incident to the arrival of tee President While on a bicycle he came in contact with a rope stretched across First Street, being thrown heavily upon his face. He has a badly bruised eye and a sprained arm.

President Roosevelt declined to review the troops in Monterey last Sunday. This action on the part of the President will be very generally commended Sunday should be appropriately observed all over America and the head of the nation does his duty in setting an example that all the people may follow to their own and the countries betterment.—*Santa Clara Journal.*

W. W. Case, D. D. Presiding Elder of the San Francisco District, will preach in the M. E. Church at 11 a. m. next Sunday. Following the sermon the doors of the church will be opened for the reception of new members, and the New Movement will be inaugurated. At 7:30 p m. the 14th Anniversary of the Epworth League will be observed, and there will be installed the newly elected officers of the Intermediate and Senior Epworth League.

The concert given Friday of last week by Mrs. Hartman for the benefit of the Library fund delighted the large audience who were present to enjoy it. Mrs. Hartman's voice was at its best and the rich, pure quality was admirably displayed by the songs selected. The pleasure of the audience was evidenced by hearty applause and recalls at her every appearance. The instrumental trios by Miss Jessie Wallace and Messrs Shrimplin and Hill which began and closed the program were especially pleasing numbers Mr Shrimplin's piano solos proved him to be a finished musician, and received hearty encores which were graciously accorded. Mrs Edith Leach Talbert recited in a most satisfactory manner, her selections being well adapted to her style. Clair Clendennin in his bass solo showed remarkable improvement since his splendid voice has been under cultivation, and the applause his appearance drew forth evidenced his popularity with the audience. The concert was entirely successful financially and Mrs. Hartman is to be thanked for a very liberal increase to the Library fund.

MR. ROOSEVELT DID ARRIVE ON MONDAY.

A Crowd of People Came from Over the County.---Redwood Tree Planted.

For the first time in the history of Campbell we have been privileged to have a President of the United States visit us, and we feel it is quite an honor for our town. We venture to say that nowhere on his trip will he find a more patriotic preparation for him than was planned at this place, considering of course, the size of the place. Too much praise cannot be given those who so beautifully decorated and aided in any way to make President Roosevelt's visit a success

Our town had on its best clothes and presented a very striking appearance. Nothing was left undone to make the town look its best. Visitors from far and near were here to aid in the festivities.

Campbell got what few places have been permitted to get, a Sempervirens tree planted by the President, and to those who thought it was the cause for the President's not speaking at the place provided in the center of town, we wish to say that in the committee's judgment this is not a fact. It was natural that disappointment should exist, and none more so than with the committee, but no one man or set of men is to blame. We believe the San Jose committee did the best it could for us, and certainly Secretary Loeb should not be criticized when he was innocent. The President's voice failing, word was sent to cancel this and other speeches, but the official message not reaching the proper parties in time caused the trouble. If he had not planted the tree we would not have had that much to show for his visit. We can congratulate ourselves that a tree is here as a permanent reminder of his visit to our town. The tree planting was planned for the school children and was so carried out at the south-east corner of Campbell Ave. and the Santa Clara road. The tree has been well cared for by a fence and will be appropriately marked by a sign.

On the arrival of the Presidential party at the place of the tree planting the President and a number of the party left their carriages. The President grasped the silk wound handle of the new shovel and in a few moments had planted the tree in the presence of the hundreds of assembled children. While President Roosevelt shoveled the earth around the roots the tree was held in position by by Hon. Aaron Jones, Grand Master of the National Grange of the Patrons of Husbandry. Benj. Campbell handed the shovel to the president. Being asked by someone if he could not say a few words to the children the president said in part:

"It is a great pleasure to take part in planting this tree in the presence of the children of Campbell. I do not know of anything that bids better for our material well being than the tree culture, and I know of nothing among the many things that the National Grange has done that it has done better than fostering the habit of caring for the forests where they exist and the planting of new trees. But above trees come the children; that is the all important part. It is a peculiar pleasure to me to address the children. I have but just one word to say to you; it is something I should say to your elders also. I believe in play and I believe in work. I want to see you play hard while you play, and when you work do not play at all."

The street decorations consisted of three flags on each telephone pole for a mile in length, as well as three palm leaves fastened beneath the flags. Large flags were hung across the street and a banner with the word "Greeting" presented a good appearance. The decorations of the private stores and houses were elaborate and beautiful. The residence of W. W. Turney at the head of Campbell avenue was one of the best decorated residences on the line, but those of S. G Rodeck, E. Pagel, Fred Smith, B Campbell, Mrs Wilson, C. Berry, Dr Gates and others were tastily decorated. There were a number of the stores that presented a splendid appearance. The exterior and interior of F. O Putnam's was unique C.H. Whitman made a very attractive display as did also the Farmers' Union and W. H. Blodgett's. The exterior and interior decorations of Miss Lawrence and Hurlbert & Kennedy, were among the best. The windows of Mrs. Sutter and G A. Davis were very attractive. A. W. Smith made an attractive display by adding the flags of Cuba, Spain and the Filipino.

Dr. Cooper's large rose bush covering the front of his residence with white flowers and the flags above, made a pretty sight.

The I. O. O. F., Woodmen of the World, A. O. U. W. and the Grange combined and decorated the front of their hall very tastily The Bank of Campbell, O Evans and others had neat decorations,

At the corner of Johnson and Campbell Avenues streamers of roses were strung across the street which presented a very pretty appearance.

NOTES.

Our band stand looked its best after the ladies had finished decorating it.

The amount collected by the committee was a little over eighty dollars which was sufficient to defray expenses.

President Roosevelt's special train was sent out from San Jose Monday night and sidetracked at Campbell, where the President had a restful night. When discoved the next morning quite a number of persons visited the train before it left At 6.30 A. M. Frank Greenfield said he shook hands with the President, he being out at that time. Few people saw him, however.

Board Extends Thanks.

The Board of Trade desires to express to the citizens of Campbell and vicinity its appreciation of the manner in which they so generously assisted the Board, both in money and labor, in fittingly decorating for the reception to President Roosevelt.

Elgin C. Hurlbert, President
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WIDE-AWAKE LODGE D. OF H. 114 meets on second and fourth Mondays of each month at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. CARRIE WATSON, Chief of Honor.
MRS. EMILY POORE, Recorder.

MORNING LIGHT LODGE, No. 42, I. O. O. F., meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock in the I. O. O. F. Hall. Sojourning brothers are cordially invited to attend.
R. E. GATES, Sec'y. M. J. GATES, N. G.

PRIDE OF THE VALLEY LODGE No. 315 A. O. U. W. meets 1st and 3rd Monday, 7:30 p. m. in I. O. O. F. Hall. Sojourning brothers are cordially invited to attend.
H. A. TIBBETTS, Rec. M. J. GATES, M. W

CAMP MOORPARK, 671, WOODMEN OF THE WORLD, meets the first and third Saturday of every month. Sojourning neighbors are invited to attend.
W. C. McCAUGHEY, Council Com.
E. A. BARKER, Sec.

ADA REBEKAH LODGE No 223, I. O. O. F., meets the first and third Tuesday of every month at 7:30 p. m. in the I. O. O. F. Hall. Sojourning sisters and brothers cordially invited to attend.
MOLLIE BROWN, N. G.
EMILY DUNCAN, Secretary.

PALM LEAF COUNCIL, 560, F. A. A. meets the second and fourth Saturdays of each month at 7:30 p. m. in the I. O. O. F. Hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend.
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